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Translated for this Journal.

From Felix Mendelssohn's "Travelling-Letters."

(Continued from page 2.)

Charney, August 6, 1831.

My dear Sisters!

You have read the whole of Ritter's Africa, it is true, but yet where Charney lies you do not know. So take out for once the old travelling map by Keller, for you must now be able to accompany me in my wanderings. Go with your finger from Vevay to Clarens, and then toward the Dent de Jaman, following a stroke. The stroke indicates a foot-path; and where you go with your finger, I have come this morning with my legs, for it is now only half-past seven o'clock, and I have eaten nothing yet. Here I will breakfast, and write in a neat wooden room until the milk is warm. Out there the bright blue lake peeps in; herewith I begin my journal, and will continue it, as well as may be, on my foot journey.

After breakfast. Good heavens, imagine the *malheur*! Just now the landlady tells me, with the most mournful face, there is not another man in the village, to show me the way over the Dent, and carry my bundle, except a young girl! the men are all engaged. So I must set out to-morrow morning alone, with bag and great coat on my back, because the guides from the hotels are too dear and too tedious for me. After a few hours I hire the first honest looking lad, and so go on much more comfortably on foot. I will not say, how charming the lake and the way here have been. Think of all the beauty you enjoyed that time. The footpath is always shady, under nut trees, winding up the hill,—past country houses and chateaux, along the lake, which gleams through the foliage; everywhere villages; in the villages a strong rushing sound of springs and fountains in all corners; then the pretty houses—it is really too beautiful, and makes one feel too free and well! Then comes the girl with her bottle-shaped hat: she is extremely pretty too, and is named Pauline. Now she takes my things into her grape basket; and so we will go on up the mountain. *Adies!*

Evening in the Chateau d'Oex, by candle-light.

I have made the most charming journey.—What would I not give to procure you such a day! But you would first have to become two young men, and be able to climb well, to drink milk upon occasion, and make nothing of much heat, many stones, many holes in the way, and still more holes in your boots; for this you are much too nice, I think. But it was beautiful! My journey with Pauline shall never be forgotten; she was one of the neatest *lasses* I have ever met in my life, so pretty and healthy and full of mother wit. She told me stories of her village, and I told her some of Italy; but I know which amused the other most. On the preceding Sunday all the young people of dis-

tion in her village had gone out in procession to a spot far over the mountains, for an afternoon dance. They set out soon after midnight, came upon the mountains while it was yet dark, made a big fire and boiled coffee; towards morning the men leaped for a wager before the ladies (we passed a broken hedge which testified of it); then they danced, and were all at home again on Sunday evening. Early on Monday morning the work went on again in the vineyards. I vow, I felt a great desire to become a peasant of the Vaud, as I listened to her so, and as she showed me from above the villages, where they dance when the cherries are ripe; others, where they dance when the cows go to pasture, and they have milk.

To-morrow indeed they are to dance in St. Gingoulph; they go by water, over the lake, and whoever can make music takes his instrument along; but she is not to go over with them, because her mother does not permit it, out of fear of the broad lake; and so many other maidens do not go, because they keep together. Then she asked leave of me, to say good day to her cousin, and went down into the pretty house upon the meadow; presently the two girls came out sat down upon the bench, and talked.—Above on the Col de Jaman I saw her relations, mowing, and pasturing the cows; what a hallooing and screaming there was! added to which the humming and tooting of those above; then they laughed; I could not understand a word of this Patois, except the beginning, which went *Adieu Pierrot!* Besides all this there was a merry, crazy echo, screaming, laughing, tooting with them; and so we came about midday to Allière. After I had rested, I took my pack upon my own back again; for a thick old servant, who wanted to carry it for me, annoyed me; we shook hands and parted. I went down the meadows, and if you are not pleased with Pauline, or have found her tedious, it is not my fault, but the fault of the description; the reality was nice. And so the continuation of the journey.

I came to a cherry tree, where the people were gathering fruit, lay down beside them in the grass, and ate with them awhile; then I took my nooning in Latine, in a cleanly wooden house.—The joiner, who had made it, kept me company over some roast lamb, and pointed with pride to every table, to the cupboard and the chairs.—Finally this evening I have arrived here, through the dazzling green meadows, with houses standing round on them, amid fir trees and springs.—The church here lies upon a little velvety green hill; far beyond there are houses still, and further, cottages and rocks, and in a ravine still a little snow over the meadows. It is one of the most idyllic spots, somewhat such as we saw together in Wattwyle, but the village is smaller, and the mountains broader and greener.

But I must conclude the present day with a eulogium upon the Canton de Vaud. Of all the lands I know, this is the most beautiful, and the one in which I should best love to live, if I should

get to be quite old. The people are so contented and look so well; the country likewise. One coming out of Italy often feels quite lachrymose here over the honesty there still is in the world; over the happy faces; over the want of beggars, and of surly officials; over this utter contrast among men. I would thank God, that he has made much that is so beautiful; and may he grant us all, in Berlin, England and the Chateau d'Oex, a happy evening, and good night.

(To be continued.)

Translated for this Journal.

Franz Schubert.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

From the German of DR. HEINRICH VON KREISLE.

(Continued from page 3.)

By no means all of Schubert's compositions, and particularly of his songs, are known and published.

It would be a laborious task, yet one that would be hailed with many thanks, to find out and bring together the original manuscripts or copies which exist in different hands. Apart from the interest which many of these unknown pieces would have in themselves, we should gain by a farther insight into the astonishing productiveness of Schubert.

Of the songs of his earliest period the originals are very much injured, and in part wholly lost.

One of the most complete and valuable collections of his printed and unprinted songs, giving the dates of their origin, was in the possession of Counsellor Wittaczek. With the help of this, and of the manuscripts of church and instrumental music in the hands of the music dealers, Spina & Hasliager; together with the exceedingly valuable original manuscripts and copies (containing operas, symphonies and church music) left with the estate of Ferdinand Schubert,—a chronological catalogue of Schubert's works might perhaps be arranged, such as would afford the only true and solid basis for a right appreciation of his artistic development.

An extended catalogue of Schubert's songs (now in possession of Spina's music publishing house) had been composed by his friend and adviser, Pinterios. It contains 505 of them, but is not exhaustive. The *opus*, number found upon the printed works is too arbitrary and accidental, to be taken into account when the question is about the time of a song's origin.

Schubert has also composed a considerable number of songs for several voices. Some of these (as the Duet between Mignon and the Harper, Collin's "Light and Love," a two-part song for tenor and soprano, the dialogues in the Ossian Songs, and in Mayrhofer's *Antigone* and *Edipus*,—which last are also often sang by one voice) may be fitly classed with the songs, and are also published with them. The other part-songs are in part purely vocal; but to the most of them an *obligato* accompaniment is attached, for piano, or guitar, or physharmonica and organ. They are in three, four, five and eight parts; also for double chorus, for male and female voices alone, but generally composed for a mixed choir, with and without *solo*. Among the purely vocal pieces are the Quartets for male voices: "Junglings-woonne" (youth's delight), "Love," "Zum Rundetanz," and "Night" (to poems by Mathison); "Die Flucht von Lappe," "Robbers' Song," "To Spring," "Fisher Song," "To the Distant One," the "Winter

Day," and the song, which was first sung at the uncovering of the memorial tablet on the house of Schubert's birth: "*Es rieselt klar und wehend*," a splendid composition in the genuine vein of Schubert. To these purely vocal songs may be added: the *Canons à tre*, composed in 1813, the "Grave-Digger's Song," "Elysium," by Schiller (for two tenors and a bass), Hölz's "May Song" (for two sopranos and a bass), chorus of Angels from *Faust* (composed in 1816), Terzetto for his father's name-day (two tenors and bass), "*Das Abendroth*" by Kosegarten and "Lament for Aly Bey" (both for three voices), "Prayer" by La Motte Fanqué, and "the Dance," Quartet for mixed voices, the 92nd Psalm in the Hebrew language (for two baritones, soprano, alto and bass, composed in 1828), "Song in the Open Air," by Salis, Male Quartet (composed in 1817), "*Wer Lebenslust füllet*," Quartet for two sopranos, tenor and bass (1818); then the choruses: "The Grave," by Salis; "Miners' Song"; "Drinking Song before battle"; "Sword Song"; "Punch Song to be sung in the North" (two part); "Hunting Song," by Zacharias Werner; "Lützow's Wild Hunt" (1815); the "Morning Star," and "Hunter's Song," by Körner (for two vocal parts, or two horns); "Battle Song," by Klopstock (three-part); and the superb double chorus for men's voices, Klopstock's "Battle Song" (composed in 1827).

Of those with *obligato* piano accompaniment may be mentioned the well known male Quartets: "The Little Village"; "The Nightingale"; "Spirit of Love"; "Contradiction"; "The Gondolier"; "Past in Present"; "Night Song in the Woods"; "Spring Song"; "Enjoyment of Nature," "Night music" (by Sackendorf); "Drinking Song of the fourteenth century," from Rittgraff's Historical Antiquities; and the "Boat Song," from Scott's "Lady of the Lake";—furthermore the two Comic Terzets: "The Advocates" (for two tenors and bass), and the "*Hochzeitsbraten*" (wedding roast meat) by Schober (for soprano, tenor and bass); "To the Sun," a quartet for mixed voices (1816); "*Der Schicksalslenker*" (the swayer of destiny); "God in the Storm"; "God the world-creator"; "Hymn to the Infinite"; and "God in Nature," likewise for mixed choir;—the Psalm, "God is my Shepherd,"* for four female voice parts; "Nachthelle" and Serenade for soli and female chorus; "Moonlight," by Schober (a male quintet, for two tenors and three basses); "Coronach"; "Dirge" from Scott's "Lady of the Lake" (two sopranos and an alto); "Miriam's Song of Triumph,"† for soprano and alto solo, and mixed chorus: finally, the eight-part male chorus, "Battle Song," by Körner, and the eight-part "Hymn," the latter also with accompaniment of brass instruments.

Among the vocal pieces in several parts composed with instrumental or full orchestral accompaniment, belong: the chorus "For the Victory of the Germans," with accompaniment of violins and cellos; "Song of Spirits over the Waters,"‡ by Goethe, an eight part chorus with accompaniment of violins, cellos and double basses (composed in 1817); and the Cantatas: "The Spring Morning"; "Faith, Hope and Charity"; for the Consecration of a church bell, for male and mixed chorus, with brass accompaniment; the unfortunately lost "Prometheus" (1816), which we have already mentioned; the "Resurrection of Lazarus"; "Easter Cantata for voices and orchestra" (1820), &c. * * * * *

Although these pieces for several voices, taken as a whole, cannot claim so high an interest as Schubert's Songs, yet they bear more or less the stamp of his genius; indeed, as if it could not be otherwise, he has achieved in some of them things that are superb and unsurpassed. It would scarcely be possible to wish one joy in a more lovely and poetic manner, than he has done it in the Serenade (by Grill-

parzer). "Night Song in the Woods," "Nachthelle," and above all "Miriam's Song of Triumph," and the "Chorus of Spirits over the Waters," are compositions of imperishable beauty; we scarcely find their equals in this kind of composition. The noblest melodies alternate in them with passages full of energy and fire; and the first parts of the "Night Song," and "Nachthelle," and still more the "Miriam" and the "Spirits" Song, show what admirable power of characterization Schubert possessed, and with what a romantic charm he could invest his tone-pictures.

Miriam's praise of the Most High after the passage of the Israelites over the Red Sea, and the people's Song of Jubilee over their deliverance from slavery, and the downfall of their enemies,—a lofty theme in any case—seems to have inspired both poet and composer; since the former has produced a very successful poem, and the latter one of his noblest compositions.

The first strophe: "Strike the cymbals," is in broad rhythm, and in a style reminding one of Handel; which then in the second strophe, at the image of the Lord as a shepherd, with his staff, going before his people out of Egypt, assumes a tone of tender and trustful emotion. In the third strophe the awful sense of the miraculous, during the passage through the upheaved sea, is magnificently expressed in music. Here begins the description of the approach of the enemy, of threatening danger and the destruction of Pharaoh with his host, composed throughout in a manner as peculiar as it is finely imaginative; and after the sea has become calm again, the opening chorus returns, and a powerful Fugue concludes the wonderful tone-picture.

One of the most remarkable, perhaps the most deeply conceived of Schubert's compositions, is his "Song of Spirits over the Waters." Here again each strophe is musically reproduced by itself in an extremely individual and characteristic manner, and the last comes round again, with slight change, to the first. Instantly the spirit-like, mysterious prelude of the stringed instruments transports the hearer to the right mood, and prepares him in the worthiest manner for the song that follows. Here too there is no mistaking the difficulty of setting to music Goethe's words, which, sublime as they are and full of significance, do not at all invite to musical treatment. It was reserved to Schubert's genius, to make of it a tone-painting so conspicuous for melody, declamation and harmony, that there is scarcely a second of the same kind to be placed beside it.

Among the choruses and part-songs already enumerated, there are some of fascinating beauty, as:—"The Contradiction," "The Gondolier," "Spring Song," the "Battle Song" for double chorus; and especially the Psalms, Hymns, &c., composed for female and for mixed voices. Of the sublime chorus of spirits in the drama "Rosamund" we shall speak, when we come to Schubert's operas. Less pleasure will be found in the two canon-like conclusions to the otherwise charming male quartets: "The Nightingale and the Village." These may have been effective once; but now they seem, especially that of the "Nightingale," in dance rhythm, rather trivial.

The greater part of these compositions have become known to the musical public through repeated performances in concerts. It was first the *Männergesangverein*, which, soon after its formation, devoted itself to Schubert's chorus compositions, and performed the most of them with the greatest success, especially: "Contradiction," "Night Song in the Woods," "The Gondolier," "Serenade," "Nachthelle," the Psalm "God is my Shepherd" (the last three transposed for men's voices), and finally (in 1858) the "Song of Spirits over the Waters."

Among the Singing Clubs of more recent origin, for mixed voices, the "*Singverein*" has been partial to the muse of Schubert, and thus far has brought

out chiefly in its concerts the choruses of a religious character ("Hymn to the Infinite," "God in the Storm"), the song of the "Festival of All Souls," and finally "Miriam's Song of Triumph" (with instrumentation by Franz Lachner.)

Some of these vocal pieces, evidently calculated for a large choir, were commonly performed in Schubert's lifetime, and still later, by a single, or at the most a double or triple Quartet; but they are now presented by imposing choral masses, and of course with incomparably grander effect. The solo airs, too, interwoven here and there, gain essentially in significance with a powerful chorus at their side, out of which they lift themselves, and which, coming in at fitting places, carries on the song with mighty voices.

Schubert's chief strength, which lay in inexhaustible richness and originality of melodies, is also unmistakably prominent in this form of music; the melodic part maintaining its ascendancy. But here too, as in much the greater part of his compositions, the instrumental not excepted, there is an unmistakable inclination to that form of music, with which he started on the race for immortality,—the Song.

It is very evident that many a vocal composition in several parts by Schubert lies still buried in the dust, and awaits the hour, when it (like Goethe's Spirit Chorus) shall be summoned to the daylight, to the honor of the composer and the joy of all friends of music.

(To be continued.)

The Great Triennial Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace, in 1862.

(From the Pamphlet Programme of the Directors.)

SECOND EXTRACT.

A short description of the arched roof, with which it is intended to cover the great Orchestra, will doubtless prove interesting, as a roof of this enormous span is a novelty in construction of no common order.

The sides of the Orchestra are about sixty feet high, or nearly the same as the Birmingham Town Hall—one of the very best buildings for music in this country. Wooden cross-tie girders being carried across, in the form of an arch, rising about 40 feet in a clear span of 216 feet, the underside will be filled in with tie-bracings, lined with well-seasoned matchboarding, bound closely together by ingenious appliances, until the whole surface becomes as hard and as resonant as a drum-head. It need scarcely be pointed out, that to carry over a roof of this character is no small or inexpensive undertaking; but as it is so unquestionable that this addition to the great Orchestra will render it as unrivalled for its resonance, as it will be unequalled for its capacity—and thus make the Centre Transept of the Crystal Palace unapproachable as a *locale* for a Great Choral Festival—it has been determined to carry it out.

This addition to the Orchestra is no mere experiment. When the roof of Exeter Hall was altered a few years back, under the advice and opinion of the best acoustical authorities, the old plaster ceiling was removed, and a roof similar to that now proposed was substituted with the most marked success. Similar results have also followed the same kind of ceiling in the present Concert Room at the Crystal Palace. So far as it went, the enclosure of the sides of the great Orchestra, for the 1859 Festival, produced equally satisfactory results, and proved conclusively that the work only required to be fully carried out, as now proposed, for the Handel Festival Orchestra to be perfect.

It may be remarked, that too great height is by no means desirable for successful musical results. The central point of the arch over the Orchestra has therefore been limited to exactly one hundred feet high. As this will give a clear space above the heads of the upper rows of Chorus Singers, similar in proportion to that at some of the best Music Halls, it is believed that a proper height has been preserved for the due transmission of sound downwards upon the audience. It was found at the last Festival that too much space overhead caused the sounds to travel irregularly, so that complex passages in the Choral pieces occasionally became confused. A similar result was observed at St. Paul's Cathedral, at the performance of the "Messiah" there last January. Although in a few situations the music was effective, in the greater portion it was so uncertain from the

* Printed in *Dwight's Journal of Music*, May, 1858.

† Printed in *Dwight's Journal of Music*, October, 1858.

‡ Sung by the "Orpheus," in Boston, March, 1862.

tone wandering about the lofty Dome and being rehearsed below, that great difficulty was experienced in keeping the Orchestra together, the experience of the performers being that they had rarely felt so much difficulty in falling in with the "swing" of the Orchestra. This was, no doubt, partly owing to the Orchestra being placed nearly under the great Dome, a position obviously bad for the clear development of intricate music. The performance, however, was an interesting experiment, though it fully bore out the opinion expressed by the writer in 1856, in reference

to the Centenary Handel Commemoration, namely, —that, neither as regards Audience nor Orchestra, could anything approaching an adequate commemoration of Handel be held in St. Paul's.

The accommodation required at Festivals so vast as those of the Crystal Palace is best measured by comparison. The following table, compiled from the books of Choral Festivals elsewhere, hitherto regarded as "great," will prove interesting. When it is observed how immensely the numbers of executives in 1862 will exceed these, and when it is

remembered that the four days (including the rehearsal) at the 1859 Festival were attended by EIGHTY-ONE THOUSAND THREE HUNDRED AND NINETEEN PERSONS, some idea will be gained of the magnitude of the undertaking and of the amount of musical enjoyment of the very highest order afforded by these great music meetings. The axiom stated in the preceding pages, that the Great Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace is a "something apart from ordinary attempts," is beyond doubt established by these statistical facts.

COMPARATIVE STRENGTH OF ORCHESTRAS AT VARIOUS MUSICAL FESTIVALS, ETC.

	STRINGED INSTRUMENTS.						Wind Instruments, &c.	TOTAL BAND.	CHORUS.					Conductor, Principal Vocalists, &c.	TOTAL.
	1st Violin	2nd Violin	Viola	Violoncello	Double Basses	TOTAL.			Trebles	Altos	Tenors	Basses	TOTAL.		
York Musical Festival, 1823	34	32	20	20	16	122	57	179	64	55	75	79	273	16	458
Westminster Abbey do., 1784	48	47	29	21	15	157	93	250	53	45	80	79	257	18	525
Westminster Abbey do., 1834	40	40	32	18	18	148	75	223	124	68	64	100	356	53	632
Birmingham Town Hall Opening, 1834	26	24	24	16	10	100	45	145	57	48	52	59	216	19	380
Leeds do., 1858	20	18	12	12	12	74	22	96	65	57	59	60	241	25	362
Liverpool do., 1854	24	24	12	10	10	80	19	99	85	60	71	85	301	11	411
Bradford do., 1853	16	16	10	10	10	62	22	84	54	55	59	59	227	16	327
Gloucester Cathedral Festival, 1859	14	14	8	8	8	52	22	74	64	48	58	64	234	12	320
Worcester Cathedral Festival, 1859	14	12	9	10	9	54	22	76	42	52	58	58	208	17	301
Hereford Cathedral Festival, 1831	12	12	6	7	7	44	19	63	40	22	23	25	110	13	186
Norwich Festival, 1890	14	12	10	9	10	55	20	75	76	50	59	69	251	12	338
Messiah, St. Paul's, 1851	14	14	8	8	8	52	17	69	125	125	135	135	521	10	600*
Birmingham Festival, 1861	23	25	18	17	17	106	33	139	89	89	88	90	356	13	508
Sacred Harmonic Society Concerts, Exeter Hall	24	24	18	16	16	98	23	121	130	130	130	130	520	10	651
Opening of 1851 Exhibition	20	18	8	10	10	66	19	85	130	120	175	176	601	3	689
Opening of Crystal Palace, 1854	50	50	30	30	30	190	210†	400	312	312	312	312	1,248	2	1,650
Telcndal Handel Festival, 1862	98	93	75	75	75	419	86	505	810	310	750	750	3,130	10	5,685†

* Numbers stated in Books of Words; chorus estimated only.

† This includes 150 Military Band Performers.

‡ Exclusive of Librarians, Stewards, and other officers; including these, the number will exceed 4,000.

By musicians it will probably be noticed that in the composition of the Chorus for the coming Festival the Trebles and Altos outnumber the Tenors and Basses. This has been done advisedly; the experience of the former Festivals having shown that for the Orchestra in which they are assembled, the due proportion of Chorus has thus been reached.

Another point to which great importance is attached for the coming Festival, is the employment of a sufficient force of Violas and Violoncellos, with their corresponding wind instruments, as well as a complement of good, full, round-toned Bass instruments.

Those who were present at the Birmingham Festival in August last, must have been much struck with the quantity and quality of middle tone produced by the superb band then assembled. There was a fulness and satisfying effect produced by this combination of instruments, in the highest degree successful. It was one of those specialties of happy Orchestral selection in which Mozart, Beethoven, or Mendelssohn would have revelled.

One of the difficulties of an unusually great Orchestra is, undoubtedly, to secure a sufficient body of full, deep, and middle tone. It will, however, be met in the coming Festival by an increase of the larger stringed instruments, and also by the use of a number of Serpents, and large-tubed brass instruments, which give the lower notes in a round, full manner. The large Kettle-drums, as well as the great Bass Drum, made for the Handel Festivals, are found of great service. Handel, in his own performances of his Oratorios, was evidently very anxious to employ drums as resonant and powerful as possible. A curious fact corroborative of this has lately transpired, in documents signed by him acknowledging the loan from the Master-General of the Ordnance of the day of the Tower Drums, and entering into engagements for their safe return. These "Tower Drums," which are still preserved in the Ordnance stores at Woolwich, were taken by the Duke of Marlborough at the battle of Malplaquet, in 1709, and long after Handel's death were in frequent request at Festivals and State ceremonials. They were, however, outstripped in size by the "Double Kettle Drums" provided for the Handel Commemoration Festival at Westminster Abbey, in 1784; a full description of which is given by Dr. Burrey, in his account of the Commemoration, published in 1785. The dimensions of these are again considerably exceeded by the drums made expressly for the Handel Festival, which are by far the largest ever made.

History of the Opera.

From its origin in Italy to the Present Time: with Anecdotes of the most celebrated Composers and Vocalists of Europe.

When a joke, said Scribe, has been used for fifty years people may begin to laugh at it. "If you want to make gingerbread sweeter," says a character in Miss Bremer's charming "Home,"

"you keep it a year in a paste board box." One recalls the witty Frenchman and the Swedish heroine whenever one reflects on the way in which our public thinks and feels towards new music. We like our music as we like our wine, of a certain age. The national curiosity with regard to a new composer or a new work is surprisingly small, the national appreciation surprisingly slow. Still we make some slight advances. M. Meyerbeer has established his name amongst us, and in time M. Gounod will do the same, in spite of the *Aristarchi* of the day. It is instructive (to cite an example) to refer to the tone used by Mr. Hogarth in regard to the operas of M. Meyerbeer, which were, when he wrote, as good as they are now. Mr. Edwards is in proportion welcome, as showing the degree to which English appreciation has been quickened. More remains to be done, without bringing our artists and audiences into the undesirable company of the modern image-breakers, who, unable themselves to produce any form of beauty, have tried to set up Deformity on a pedestal, as the model and the divinity in Art of the nineteenth century.

Our author, however, has in some degree fallen short of what might have been accomplished. His book does not show that care in collection of materials which in every modern history is as essential as liberality of view. There are many modern German monographs and biographies with which we fancy him to be imperfectly acquainted, if at all. We cannot accredit all his French authorities. M. Castil Blaze, who is an especial favorite with him, is to be little trusted. This is the gentleman who, while Bishop; was hashing up foreign operas to suit the musical vews of London managers, lent himself to a similar task, for the public in Paris. This is the gentleman who outdid the worst transactions of the frivolous Italian ecclesiastics in transfer of the Bellini or the Verdi of the hour from the footlights to the organ-loft, by arranging a Mass (as M. d'Ortigue has just been reminding us) in which passages from "La Cenerentola" and "Il Barbiere" were employed during the most solemn and pompous portions of the rite! Such an artificer is even less to be relied on as authority than a Touchard-Lafosse, who rakes together all the temporary scandals from the French Opera chronicles; or a Charles Maurice, who has the kindest words to publish concerning the artists most liberal in their contributions to the "black mail," from which himself and Madame Maurice (serviceably put forward on such occasion) derived so much luxury and profit. One would not

consult De Morlière, the Chevalier who established the company of paid applauders in the Paris theatres as a branch of French enterprise, had he written a book on the success of artists! To change the ground for one example more—we own that tribute is due to Lord Mount-Edgumbe, as to one having written such agreeable recollections as an amateur given to dowagerism will jot down. But the bewilderment of that nobleman, cradled among Lydian measures and the "pretty music" (to borrow Lord Thurlow's phrase) of Italy, whose old age drifted him into times of Art, in which sensations of greater vigor replaced the lighter emotions of his young days of enjoyment,—is truly real,—and amounts to a discredit of his powers.

Another qualification must be offered. This concerns the third chapter of our author's first volume, in which he enters with some ingenuity into the construction of opera-books. We cannot for a moment admit his proposition, that because the words are sometimes repeated twice, thrice, or more in an opera, and because singers too often speak unintelligibly, the difference betwixt sense and nonsense goes for little, provided the story be well cut out. "Though I have seen 'Norma' fifty times," says he, "I have never examined the *libretto* and of the whole piece know scarcely more than the two words which I have already paraded before the public, 'Casta Diva.' What do the writer's ears make of the exclamation, 'O rinembranza,' in the duet betwixt Adalgisa and the priestess, where the former tells the latter her own story? What of the burst, 'No, non tremar,' where the infuriate woman menaces her false lover by threatening the life of the children of their guilty love? What of the war-cry, 'Guerra! Guerra!' in the second act? What of *Norma's* advance on Pollione, 'In mio man alfin tu sei,' made by her sinister vengeance when she has him within her grasp? We remember 'Norma' by these words as much as by the musical phrases to which they are set—from their offering scope to the singer's declamatory power and individuality of reading. They are of as much consequence to the scene as 'We fail,' followed by 'And we'll not fail,' to the part of *Lady Macbeth*. To replace these English phrases, simple as they seem, by 'We don't succeed,' and 'We will succeed,' would be a hazardous experiment. A pure and poetical text in this very book of 'Norma' carries off Bellini's feebleness and triteness as a musician, and enables the Pasta, or Gisi, or Adelaide Kemble who plays the part, to enhance the effects of situation and of song by that of declamatory

force. The principle laid down is further proved by the inevitable loss caused to all music by translation of the original words, let it be ever so adroitly managed. Try the best English or French version of "Erl König," and much of its northern horror passes away from it. In Italian, it would be simply impossible. "Ah, mon fils," in "Le Prophète" becomes sadly weakened when it is presented as "Ah, mio figlio," in "Il Profeta."

It is not our intention connectedly to follow the story of Opera from the days when Caccini and Peri gave it something like its present form in Italy,—when Keiser Germanized it at Wolfenbüttel,—and the Abbé Mailly exhibited in the Bishop's Palace at Carpentras in France, down to our own period; but to extract what is least known and the most amusing from these pages. To begin in the times of Lulli—times coarse and primitive, as regarded the theatre, though there were also times when the *Grand Monarque* danced in his own court ballets—we find a sketch of a librettist, which will be new to my readers:—

"Many curious stories are told of La Fontaine's want of success as a librettist; Lulli refused three of his operas, one after the other, 'Daphné,' 'Astrée,' and 'Acis et Galathée'—the 'Acis et Galathée' set to music by Lulli being the work of Campistron. At the first representation of 'Astrée,' of which the music had been written by Colasse, (a composer who imitated and often plagiarized from Lulli,) La Fontaine was present in a box behind some ladies who did not know him. He kept exclaiming every moment, 'detestable! detestable!' Tired of hearing the same thing repeated so many times, the ladies at last turned round and said, 'It is really not so bad. The author is a man of considerable wit; it is written by M. de La Fontaine.'—'Cela ne vaut pas le diable,' replied the librettist; 'and this La Fontaine of whom you speak is an ass. I am La Fontaine, and ought to know.' After the first act he left the theatre and went into the Café Marion, where he fell asleep. One of his friends came in, and surprised to see him, said, 'M. de la Fontaine! How is this? Ought you not to be at the performance of your opera?' The author awoke, and said with a yawn, 'I've been; and the first act was so dull that I had not the courage to wait for the other. I admire the patience of these Parisians!'"

Opera was naturalized in this country, as everywhere else, by aid of Italian talent. Who has forgotten the singing "gentlewoman," from the South, commemorated by Pepys, who would not "be kissed, which Mr. Kelligrew, who brought her in, did acquaint us with"? Here, too, as in every other land, we have to remark how largely dances, machinery, pageantry of mad costliness, (the value of money considered), entered into the young life of musical drama. It has been dinned into our ears again and again, till we have been in danger of believing it, that such men as Spontini and M. Meyerbeer have demoralized and destroyed the purity of Opera, by their vast combinations, and the splendor of scenic accessories demanded by their works. Nothing of the kind is the case. Our ancestors, belonging to all the four countries in which Opera has most flourished, were fifty times more lavish than any of their offspring; as references to the doings at the courts of Tuscany, Saxony and France could show—or to our own masks of Jonson and Jones. The best of the best artists then felt delighted to work as stage decorators, and this could not altogether be because the entertainment was confined to royalty and the noble and the wealthy; for we read of some of the theatres in which it was represented capable of holding audiences of ten thousand persons.

"I have already spoken (says Mr. Edwards) of the magnificence and perfection of the scenic pictures exhibited at the Italian theatres in the very first days of the Opera. In the early part of the seventeenth century, immense theatres were constructed so as to admit of the most elaborate spectacular displays.—The Farnesino Theatre, at Parma, built for dramas, tournaments and spectacles of all kinds, and which is now a ruin, contained at least fifty thousand spectators."

The habitual gathering of a fifty-thousand power audience at Parma is a fact or a fiction, as

may be. But it is clear that, then, the orchestra had no weight; that the chorus in its modern predominance, was undreamed of; that composers were timid and monotonous in their productions. It was, therefore, necessary to regale the eye with shows—no matter how tasteless or absurd their splendor. "After the opera," says Mr. Edwards, "comes the ballet." Surely this must be a slip of the pen. "Before" should have been his word. Dance was earlier in the field: more accomplished, better attired than Song. To Dance we owe rhythm, which is one of the two cardinal pillars of Opera—the other being harmony.—From the combination of the two, melody, as we understand the word, originated: the chant or recitative, to which poetical thoughts or picturesque fancies could be declaimed, having retained its primitive and formless rudeness, long after feet had moved on the floor in sprightly or stately order, to whose motion, periodicity, or recurrence (discipline to put it otherwise) was necessary.

Here is a paragraph reminding us that there is nothing old under the sun:—

"Italian Opera was introduced into England at the beginning of the eighteenth century, the first work performed entirely in the Italian language being 'Almahide,' of which the music is attributed to Buononcini, and which was produced in 1710, with Valentini, Nicolini, Margarita de l'Epine, Cassani, and Signora Isabella, in the principal parts. Previously, for about three years, it had been the custom for Italian and English vocalists to sing each in their own language. 'The king, or hero of the play,' says Addison, 'generally spoke in Italian, and his slaves answered him in English; the lover frequently made his court, and gained the heart of his princess in a language which she did not understand. One would have thought it very difficult to have carried on dialogues in this manner without an interpreter between the persons that conversed together; but this was the state of the English stage for about three years.'"

Why, the same thing happened yesterday—happens to-day. When Miss Adelaide Kemble sang in "Norma" at Frankfort, her voluminous *Adalgisa*, Fräulein Kortky, her wicked *Pollio*, Herr Chudimsky, and the rest of the *corps* great and small, discoursed the opera in German to her Italian. At the moment of writing, news comes from Berlin that precisely the same pleasant *pasticcio* of two languages in one opera has been presented on the occasion of the appearance there of the newest "sensation" singer, Mlle. Adelina Patti.

Passing forward a page or two, we come to another illustration of Opera curiosities in a happy imitation by our author of Panard's well-known song. Mr. Edwards manages rhyme and language so easily that he had no right to have made so light of the one and the other, in connection with music. The paraphraser of the four verses which are given here should be able to write "good words" for an opera book.

WHAT MAY BE SEEN AT THE OPERA.

I've seen Semiramis, the queen;
I've seen the Mysteries of Isis;
A lady full of health I've seen
Die in her dressing-gown of phthisis.

I've seen a wretched lover sigh,
"Fra poco" he a corpse would be,
Transfix himself, and then—not die,
But coolly sing an air in D.

I've seen a father lose his child,
Nor seek the robber's flight to stay;
But, in a voice extremely mild,
Kneel down upon the stage and pray.

I've seen a churchyard yield its dead,
And lifeless nuns in life rejoice;
I've seen a statue bow its head,
And listened to its trombone voice.

The mixture of prodigality and folly which, from its first birth, has distinguished Opera, is neither new nor old. Operatic sparrows flew about the stage in Handel's "Rinaldo," (1710), and were lashed out of life by the very Spectator, Addison, who wrote a dreary opera-book of his own containing such lines as—

Widow Trusty, why so fine?

During Mr. Macready's management in London, real birds were engaged to chirp and to warble, by way of giving "local color" to the wood scenes of "As You Like It."

Here are extracts from other of Mr. Edwards's pages, which take us into another world of Opera, yet bear out the argument which we have been playing with rather than enforcing:

"The Italian Opera was established in Vienna under the Emperor Leopold I., with great magnificence, so much so indeed, that for many years afterwards it was far more celebrated as a spectacle than as a musical entertainment. * * * We have seen a French maid of honor die, to the fiddling of her page; the Emperor of Germany expired to the accompaniment of a full orchestra. Feeling that his end was approaching, he sent for his musicians, and ordered them to commence a symphony, which they went on playing until he died. * * * Several of Zeno's and a great number of Metastasio's works have been set to music over and over again, but when they were first brought out at Vienna, many of them appear to have obtained success more as grand dramatic spectacles than as operas. * * * When Handel was in England directing the King's Theatre in the Haymarket, and when the Dresden Opera was in full musical glory, (before as well as after the arrival of Hasse), the Court theatre of Vienna was above all remarkable for its immense size, for the splendor of its decorations, and for the general costliness and magnificence of its spectacles. Lady Mary Wortley Montague visited the Opera, at Vienna, in 1716, and sent the following account of it to Pope: 'I have been last Sunday at the Opera, which was performed in the garden of the Favorita: and I was so much pleased with it, I have not yet repented my seeing it. Nothing of the kind was ever more magnificent, and I can easily believe what I am told, that the decorations and habits cost the Emperor thirty thousand pound sterling. The stage was built over a very large canal, and at the beginning of the second act divided into two parts, discovering the water, on which there immediately came, from different parts, two fleets of little gilded vessels, that gave the representation of a naval fight. It is not easy to imagine the beauty of this scene, which I took particular notice of. But all the rest were perfectly fine in their kind. The story of the opera is the enchantment of Alcina, which gives opportunities for a great variety of machines and changes of scenes which are performed with surprising swiftness. The theatre is so large that it is hard to carry the eye to the end of it, and the habits in the utmost magnificence to the number of one hundred and eight. No house could hold such large decorations; but the ladies all sitting in the open air exposes them to great inconveniences, for there is but one canopy for the Imperial Family, and the first night it was represented, a shower of rain happening, the opera was broken off, and the company crowded away in such confusion, that I was almost squeezed to death.' One of these open-air theatres, though doubtless on a much smaller scale than that of Vienna, stood in the garden of the Tuileries, at Paris, at the beginning of the eighteenth century. It was embowered in trees and covered with creeping plants, and the performances took place there in the day time. * * * I myself saw a little theatre of the kind, in 1856, at Flensburg, in Denmark. There was a pleasure-ground in front, with benches and chairs for the audience. The stage-door at the back opened into a cabbage garden. The performances, which consisted of a comedy and farce, took place in the afternoon, and ended at dusk."

There was a few years ago another of these garden opera-houses, at Herrenhausen, close to Hanover, reminding one of Shakespeare's disposition of the theatre for his Athenian play. "This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn brake our tiring house." The most recent of these out-of-door theatres was the one in the *Pré Catalan*, close to Paris, the proprietors of which, thoughtful and delicate in no ordinary degree, had not sufficiently estimated the caprices of climate when planning a nightly speculation. The court caprices referred to were occasional—belonging to the fairy world of royal commands.—The audiences paid no money to see the show, and the artists (let it be hoped) were provided with shelter and escape, supposing rain fell on, or wind withered their *rouge* and their thinly clad legs, and that all the machinery of the actor's art was protected from moth and mildew.

We are disposed to indorse Mr. Edwards's

In tempo.

Ten.

Ten.

Ten.

Ped. ** Ped.*

Dolce.

34

Chopin's Mazurkas.

Ten.

Ten.

Ped.

Ten.

Ped.

Soito voce.

Sempre più

Piano.

Calando.

Fine.

Per - deu - do - si.

Lento. (M. M. ♩ = 108.)

No. 14.

Op. 24. No. 1.

The musical score is written for piano and bass. It begins with a tempo marking of "Lento. (M. M. ♩ = 108.)". The piece is identified as "No. 14. Op. 24. No. 1." and includes a "Rubato." instruction. The score is divided into several systems, each with a piano staff (treble clef) and a bass staff (bass clef). The piano staff contains melodic lines with various ornaments, slurs, and articulation marks. The bass staff provides harmonic support with chords and single notes, often marked with "Ped." (pedal) and asterisks (*). Dynamics such as "Dolce." and "fz" (forzando) are indicated. The piece concludes with a "Con Anima." marking and a final cadence. The page number "35" is in the top right corner.

Chopin's Mazurkas.

L'Espresso
Op. 10, No. 3
Frédéric Chopin

p
Cres.
Ped.
Ritenu.
A tempo.
Din.
Ped.
Sempre più.
Ped.
Ritenu.
Ped.
Fine.

Allegro non troppo. ($\text{♩} = 108.$)

No. 15.

Op. 24. No. 2.

No. 15.
Op. 24. No. 2.

Legato.

Sotto voce.

Il Basso sempre Legato.

Fin *f*

Rit.

Ped. *

judgment on operas and singers, especially of the former. His appreciation of Signor Rossini, Donizetti, and Bellini seems to us just. In fairness to an elder composer, however, more stress might have been laid on the obligations derived from Paër by the author of "Il Barbiere." The overture to "Tancredi" is almost a parody on that of "Sargino." It may be submitted, too, that the slenderness of Bellini's science and the limited nature of his resources have been here too much overlooked in favor of his expressive snavity and delicacy. His strong point was delicacy and poetry of taste in the selection of his stories—in this how superior to that of the more brilliant composer whom he misplaced! What might not Signor Rossini have made of "Norma"—what could Bellini have done with "Moisè?" The last opera (the French version of "Mose") does not receive its full justice from our agreeable writer. Yet the music added for Paris contains some of its composer's grandest and most individual inspirations. The finale of the second or third act, into which "mi manca la voce" is imbedded, will long remain unparagoned as a specimen of florid art and as an example of musical excitement.

The composer with whom Mr. Edwards's book closes is Hoffmann, of whose "Undine" he speaks—from hearing or from hearsay? It is an opera concerning which the world has been naturally interested, from its acquaintance with the literary efforts of its writer. Some hearsay impressions concerning it were set down in Mr. Chorley's "Modern German Music;" and, from a contribution by Herr Truhn there quoted, curiosity was allayed by assurance that Hoffmann's fairy music had none of the freaks and eccentricities which might have been expected from the author of the "Golden Pot" and "The Princess Brambilla." It was stated that, apart from certain orchestral devices, employed in ticketing the characters by phrases or combinations, as Weber and Herr Meyerbeer and Wagner have since done, the work was tame, regular, and unimaginative. During the palmy days of Dr. Liszt's enterprising and experimental administration of the Opera house at Weimar, (that stronghold of experiment in German drama), the score of "Undine" was sent for, with a view to the revival of the opera. The music proved so utterly vapid, that all notion of producing a work demanding much expenditure in scenery, greenery, and machinery was laid aside. It has not, for many years, been met with in any German opera-house.

As to singers, Mr. Edwards shall tell something not generally known about Rubini. The story is not a bad story:

"At the age of twelve he made his debut at the theatre of Romano, his native town, in a woman's part. This curious *prima donna* afterwards sat down at the door of the theatre, between two candles, and behind a plate, in which the admiring public deposited their offerings to the fair *beneficent*. She is said to have been perfectly satisfied with the praise accorded to her for her first performance. Rubini afterwards went to Bergamo, where he was engaged to play the violin in the orchestra between the acts of comedies, and to sing in the choruses during the operatic season. A drama was to be brought out in which a certain cavatina was introduced. The manager was in great trouble to find a singer to whom this air could be entrusted. Rubini was mentioned; the manager offered him a few shillings to sing it, the bargain was made, and the new vocalist was immensely applauded. This air was the production of Lamberti. Rubini kept it, and many years afterwards, when he was at the height of his reputation, was fond of singing it in memory of his first composer. * * In 1814, he was engaged at Parma as tenor, where he received about thirty-six shillings a month. Sixteen years afterwards, Rubini and his wife were offered an engagement of six thousand pounds, and at last the services of Rubini alone were retained at the Italian Opera of St. Petersburg, at the rate of twenty thousand pounds a year. [Quere! Ed.] * * I must mention a sort of duel he once had with a rebellious B flat, the history of which has been related at length by M. Castil Blaze, in the *Revue de Paris*. Pacini's "Talismano" had just been produced with great success at La Scala. Rubini made his entry in this opera with an accompanied recitative, which the public always applauded enthusiastically. One phrase in particular, which the

singer commenced by attacking the high B flat without preparation, and, holding it for a considerable period, excited their admiration to the highest point. Since Farinelli's celebrated trumpet song, no one note had ever obtained such a success as this wonderful B flat of Rubini's. The public of Milan went in crowds to hear it, and having heard it, never failed to encore it. *Un' altra volta!* resounded through the house almost before the magic note itself had ceased to ring. The great singer had already distributed fourteen B flats among his admiring audiences, when, eager for the fifteenth and sixteenth, the Milane e thronged to their magnificent theatre to be present at the eighth performance of "Il Talismano." The orchestra executed the brief prelude which announced the entry of the tenor. Rubini appeared, raised his eyes to heaven, extended his arms, planted himself firmly on his calves, inflated his breast, opened his mouth, and, sought, by the usual means, to pronounce the wished-for B flat. But no B flat would come. *Os habet, et non clamabit*, Rubini was dumb; the public did their best to encourage the disconsolate singer, applauded him, cheered him, and gave him courage to attack the unhappy B flat a second time. On this occasion, Rubini was victorious. Determined to catch the fugitive note, which for a moment had escaped him, the singer brought all the muscular force of his immense lungs into play, struck the B flat, and threw it out among the audience with a vigor which surprised and delighted them. In the meanwhile the tenor was by no means equally pleased with the triumph he had just gained. He felt, that in exhorting himself to the utmost, he had injured himself in a manner which might prove very serious. Something in the mechanism of his voice had given way. He had felt the fracture at the time. He had, indeed, conquered the B flat, but at what an expense; that of a broken clavicle! However, he continued his scene. He was wounded, but triumphant, and in his artistic elation he forgot the positive physical injury he had sustained. On leaving the stage, he sent for the surgeon of the theatre, who, by inspecting and feeling Rubini's clavicle, convinced himself that it was indeed fractured. The bone had been unable to resist the tension of the singer's lungs.—Rubini may have been said to have swelled his voice until it burst one of its natural barriers. 'It seems to me,' said the wounded tenor, 'that a man can go on singing with a broken clavicle.'—'Certainly,' replied the doctor, 'you have just proved it.' 'How long would it take to mend it?' he enquired. 'Two months, if you remained perfectly quiet during the whole time.' 'Two months! and I have only sung seven times. I should have to give up my engagement. Can a person live comfortably with a broken clavicle?' 'Very comfortably, indeed. If you take care not to lift any weight, you will experience no disagreeable effects.' 'Ah! there is my cue,' exclaimed Rubini; 'I shall go on singing.'—'Rubini went on singing,' says M. Castil Blaze, 'and I do not think any one who heard him in 1831, could tell that he was listening to a wounded singer—wounded gloriously on the field of battle. As a musical doctor I was allowed to touch his wound, and I remarked on the left side of the clavicle a solution of continuity, three or four lines in extent, between the two parts of the fractured bone. I related the adventure in the *Rue de Paris*, and three hundred persons went to Rubini's house to touch the wound, and verify my statement.' Two other vocalists are mentioned in the history of music, who not only injured themselves in singing, but actually died of their injuries."

Mr. Edwards has, perhaps, forgotten that Madame Scio, the original *Medea* of Cherubini's grand opera, based on the Colchian story of magic, and to whom he dedicated the score of that noble but impossible musical tragedy, died of illness brought on by the exertion of singing that which no one should be required to sing.

In the chapters concerning the Italian Opera in London during the elder times, which are lively enough, Da Ponte's Memoirs might have helped our author. That luckless creature, who assisted Mozart to a book, was here retained by Taylor as *Poeta*, and driven out of his old age in America (as Mrs. Jameson has told us), with a sheet thrown over his head—asking every stranger "whether he remembered the Emperor Joseph." But Da Ponte's recollections, strangely edited by a person no less solemn than M. de Lamarine, are worth sifting by any one occupied with the subject. When the talk is of dramatic singers, there is no forgiving such an oversight in a chronicle like the one here parted from, as that of the extraordinary claims of Madame Pasta on Italian opera. What Siddons was to English

tragedy, what Mars and Rachel were to French drama, what Madame Ristori is to the Italian theatre—she was to the Italian musical drama: first among the first, best among the best.

The book, to sum up, is a pleasant one; if not so complete as it might have been made, in no instance false as to facts, and in some respects, an advance on former English books of the kind. —*London Athenæum*.

A SYMPHONY OUT WEST.—A Chicago paper (the *Railroad Gazette*) thus deals with the C minor Symphony and its interpreters in that quarter:

MUSICAL.—The last concert of the Philharmonic Society was given to a crowded house. The principal feature was Beethoven's Symphony No. 5 in four grand divisions, termed in musical nomenclature the Allegro, Andante, Scherzo, and Allegro finale, like a very prolix four-headed sermon with numberless horns. There was much professional skill evinced, and remarkable contrasts of heavy and light tones, vigorous wind blowing, and desperate fiddling all through this performance. By the time the finale was reached, we never saw an orchestra worked up into such a lather of profuse perspiration. The audience bore it like martyrs, vainly trying to comprehend the grand ideas, and beauties of this wonderful "tone creation" so called, by the diligent study of its analysis as written by some transcendental spiritualistic Bedlamite, and printed on the back of the programme. There we found it characterized as the "struggle of a human soul to escape pain and sorrow—and attain inward joy and cheerfulness." The "soul" finds itself in a sort of psychological purgatory, and moans, grunts, squeals, kicks, cries and thrashes around generally, much (we suppose) as a very raw infant in its first entrance into the material world. First, said "soul" gets very wretched—is the "prey of anguish and dismay"—succumbs to nocturnal demons approaching the goal of absolute despair. Its sufferings we are ready to admit as horrid and excruciating. In the second movement, the "soul" (the same one) finds a gleam of comfort.—Though battered and shattered, it is inspired by a "joyful presentiment of success" (the writer here parenthetically and pathetically exclaims) and adds: "Let me simply allude to the transporting and celestial passage where the key of A flat minor enters; on the swelling gush of sweetest feelings near the close, to the impetuous fervor of the 22d and 23d bars before the end."

Did anybody notice it? We didn't. Did anybody gush? Not as we know of. We are nevertheless complaisant enough to cry out Bullly for the "22d and 23d bars before the end!" It's all right, no doubt. Though if the painter hadn't written "This is a horse," underneath his work, no one would have known what it was.

Next comes the third crisis in the history of the poor bedevilled "soul." Confound that scherzo! "Soul" tumbles into the dumps again. Once more, misery and discontent tear at it. It tries to escape. It succeeds, (represented by a twitter on the fiddles *ti-di-de-ti-di-de-de*, &c.) Then it don't. (Here the sounds rush down from the fiddles, jump on to the flutes and clarinets, skip on and over the violoncello, rush helter skelter to the wind instruments then, rattle down deep into the bowels of the double bass like numerous frightened rats into an unfathomable rat hole.) It was a hard scramble. Soon "soul" gets over its scare and comes out again. Foolish venture, for again the inevitable cat-hauling process goes on. Again it is racked and thumb-screwed until at last in the "Allegro," it breathes easier—is pestered no longer—begins to feel good—feels better—jollity increases—is quite jubilant—is at last enraptured—or as our crazy friend expresses it in a burst of fine phrenzy: "the 'soul' seems to swim in the indisturbable fullness of enjoyment and revels in ever swelling floods of dithyrambic inspiration."

Cock-a-doodle-doo! We never felt so delighted at a "soul's" success. If ever Peri—

"Earned its title clear
To mansions in the skies"—

by virtue of long suffering, this same "soul" did. We unceasingly pray, it may enjoy itself "up there" and sincerely hope it will henceforth—

"Bid farewell to every fear
And wipe its weeping eyes!"

"To return to our muttens" or Programme. Miss Terious (don't know her name, wasn't down) sang an Aria from "Jerusalem." It was very well done, and for the first time, the audience applauded. The only objection to it was the fact that she sang in Chinese, with which language but few here (besides ourselves) are familiar.

De Passio then sang an Aria which carried us back to the good old times of the 17th century—something or other about "a pious Signor" (Signora would have been better) who had been wounded at Bull Run, retired to a convent—turned monk—and spent the rest of his days in bewailing the loss of a large family of sixteen children, and a pension he had been promised, but didn't get. It was very affecting. We noticed three ladies almost in tears, but as the enamel on their faces would have suffered, they refrained.

"Sicilian Vespers" was certainly an instrumental improvement—full of rich, strong melody. We are ashamed to confess it, but we actually preferred "Balarka" to "Beethoven."

In the "Overture to William Tell" there was more variety, fire, genuine music, expression, &c., than in all the rest put together. It was played too, finely—from beginning to end thoroughly enjoyable, and left the audience to disperse in the best of humor, while the last of the "Winter Series" of Philharmonic concerts also went out in a blaze of glory.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 12, 1862.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—Continuation of Chopin's *Mazurkas*.—*See p. 10.*

Concerts.

LAST OF THE PHILHARMONIC.—We fear that Mr. ZERRAHN did not find the losses, which have compelled him to wind up his extra series so suddenly, to any considerable extent made good to him by the attendance last Saturday evening. A stormy night and most forbidding atmosphere during the whole day only confirmed the musical indifference of many. The Music Hall was by no means full, although the audience was decidedly larger than on the two previous occasions. Those who were there enjoyed the concert greatly;—only disturbed by the thought that such pleasures may not, probably will not, be renewed until another season. The programme was not the best that Mr. Zerrahn has given us, nor did it on the other hand lack interest.

1. Les Preludes: A Symphonic Poem,.....F. Liszt
2. Serenade, for four Violoncellos,.....F. Lachner
Messrs. Wolf Fries, Wietendahl, Verron, and Moor-
house.
3. Cavatina—From *Attila*—"Alto che i forti corono,"....
Verdi
Miss Chapman.
4. Overture—To Goethe's "Egmont,".....Beethoven
5. Romanza—From "Adrienne Lecouvreur,"—"Carl
Gor,".....Verdi
Miss Chapman.
6. Scherzo—From the "Scotch Symphony,".....Mendelssohn
7. Rondo—From "La Nina pazzo per Amore,".....Coppola
Miss Chapman.
8. Overture—To "The Merry Wives of Windsor,".....Nicolai

We were unfortunately compelled to lose the first part. The three instrumental pieces in the second part are old favorites, and sounded as as fresh as new. The *piquant* Scherzo from the "Scotch Symphony," especially, was rendered with admirable point and delicacy, and a repetition was demanded. Nicolai's "Merry Wives of Windsor" Overture is a light, sparkling, graceful work, which one can hear now and then with pleasure; not a great work, but a happy one. The opera itself is full of enjoyable and pretty music, and like everything which the unfortunate composer wrote, shows a natural gift of melody. One could not get over the absurdity, though, of having Sir John Falstaff set to music.

The vocal debutante of the evening made a very agreeable impression, and warmly enlisted the sympathies of her audience, by her unpretending, honest manner, as well as by her good

qualities of voice and execution. Her compass is large, the higher soprano notes very clear and true, the lower tones rich and suited to dramatic expression, while the middle tones, although not really weak, seem comparatively to lack character. She delivers her melody simply and largely, with true power of expression, and vocalizes skillfully and evenly in the more florid and *bravura* parts. No false ornament or unnecessary trill marred the even beauty of the performance. The singer seemed a little ill at ease before her audience; we doubt not she would sooner find herself at home upon the operatic stage. Such power of voice, combined with such enthusiasm and enterprise, and with commanding and attractive person, seem to fit her for the Normas and Lucrezias of the lyric drama; and it is a disappointment to many that the arrangements of the Opera company now here did not allow of her appearance. For the rest, it must be remembered that Miss Chapman is but a young singer, and that her period of real vocal training has been but short. She has yet much to learn, and, it would seem, the will and energy to learn it.

It is painful indeed to think that Symphony Concerts are not yet established as a stated, permanent provision for the musical enjoyment and education of Boston. It seems really strange, considering how much deep and sincere love there is for music of Beethoven and Mendelssohn and Mozart. We must be thankful to Mr. Zerrahn for risking so much year after year, and giving us so much. But such concerts should, by good rights, come to us not half a dozen times only in a year, but constantly throughout most of the months of the whole year. We are sure that, if they could be relied upon thus steadily and frequently, they would be well supported in the long run. Would it not be safer, if the risk were borne as a joint operation by the whole orchestra, or by some permanent society, instead of falling so heavily upon one man?

ORCHESTRAL UNION.—For the eleventh time, this season, the Music Hall was nearly filled with eager audience to the Afternoon Concert on Wednesday. The programme was uncommonly inviting to the lover of the significant and real things in music, while it was well relished by the general company of old and young, thoughtful and light-hearted.

1. Overture—"Leonora," No. 3,.....Beethoven
2. Concert Waltz—Kroll's *Balkingen*,.....Lumbve
3. Symphony No. 3, (Scotch) Op. 56,.....Mendelssohn
1. Andante con Moto 2. Allegro 3. Adagio 4. Vivace
non troppo 5. Adagio 6. Allegro 7. Vivacissimo.
4. Polka—"La Favorita,".....Strauss
5. Bridal Procession—From "Lohengrin,".....R. Wagner
6. Overture—"Merry Wives of Windsor,".....Nicolai

The attention with which Beethoven's Overture and Mendelssohn's Symphony were followed by the great mass of the audience, proved that such sterling works have only to be heard often to become ever welcome friends to hundreds, who at first mistrusted them as quite beyond their depth, too "transcendental" for their sympathies, too "scientific" for their understanding, too loaded with thought, too earnestly appealing and exacting for their brief, light hour of leisure and amusement. But now many, who found a Symphony as disappointing as a lecture where one seeks a farce, are forced to feel the magnetism of genius in this great form of Art; and begin to learn, that that variety, which they demand of a concert, is afforded in the perfection of artistic contrast and proportion, like the well-ordered

courses of a *table d'hôte*, in the successive movements of a single Symphony; at the same time securing that connection and unity from the beginning to the end, which makes it like a drama.

The "Leonora" overture—the great one in C, the third—could not of course sound quite as well as in the evening concerts with the larger orchestra; but it was good to hear it, and it can hardly be heard too often. Few overtures embody so much beauty, power and pathos, and lift the soul into so elevated a moral sphere. Would that the opera (*Fidelio*) could be heard here as often as the works of Verdi, Donizetti, and the rest!

The "Scotch Symphony" takes a deeper hold on the imagination and the feelings with every hearing. It is the greatest instrumental work of Mendelssohn, exceedingly close to nature in the wild, northern, misty seashore suggestions of its subject, most poetically conceived, and wrought out with consummate art. What contrast here, between the religious, melancholy musing of the Adagio, and the smart, *piquant* brightness of the Scherzo (*Vivace non troppo*)! The rendering by the orchestra was worthy of no small praise.

The "Merry Wives" was a good thing to repeat for a light overture. The "Bridal Procession" is one of the best specimens of *Lohengrin* and of Wagner. The concert waltz transports any one, who knows Berlin, back to Kroll's magical palace of entertainment in the Thiergarten, and is one of our orchestra's happiest achievements always in this line.

New Opera Bouffe.

It gives us real gratification to record the complete success of the last novelty at the Boston Museum, and the first original production of the kind in Boston, the comic Operetta "The Doctor of Alcantara," which has been sung and acted to delighted audiences every evening this week. The musical facilities of that very popular place of entertainment, it is true, never have been great. Drama, especially light comedy, and spectacle, have been its specialties. A more admirable company for these things, than it has presented for years, with WARREN "the only" at the head, is scarcely anywhere surpassed. No popularity has kept on for years—decades we might say—so unflinching. A great public benefactor has the Museum been, a great cheerer of care-worn minds, a great minister of innocent excitements, and nurse of the imaginative instinct in child en. But the players have not (except incidentally) been singers, and the orchestra has been necessarily kept within very economical limits, to keep the pleasures of the place within the means of everybody. Still the idea has frequently suggested itself—especially since an accomplished musician and composer, Mr. JULIUS EICHBERG, has occupied the place of musical director—that something lyrical and light might be adapted even to those small musical means, and serve to develop them, while it would furnish a new and very amusing and refined pleasure to the public. The light buffo operas, musical farces, &c., of the Opera Comique in Paris, of so many smaller theatres in Italy and Germany, might thrive well here—why not? Only they would have to be specially adapted, perhaps specially composed, for our publics and our theatres. The Museum has happily taken the lead, and given out of its own resources, without borrowing from abroad, a fresh and sparkling operetta, the music of which is written by Mr. EICHBERG, the Director, and the libretto by Mr. BENJAMIN EDWARD WOOLF, a member of the orchestra.

The plot abounds in most amusing situations, and is very clever, except for the abrupt conclusion. The dialogue, as in most such things in Europe, is in large part musical, but partly spoken. The transitions from one to the other are naturally effected, in this case. Of Mr. Eichberg's music it is some praise to say, that it is best wherever the situations are most complicated. The single songs or airs, which occur chiefly in the first part, are the least striking and original pieces in the work, although they all have charm and fitness. Some of them sound rather English and Museum-like, after the Balfe pattern;—good ones of their kind though. But in the concerted pieces, where divided melody and orchestral hints have play, the music becomes quite felicitous and charming, and completely interpenetrated with the comedy, so that the two seem as if born together, as they should.—The ear is taken with not a few fine points in these parts of the work, and one can enjoy them as he does such things in the standard comic operas. Of course the composer had to have constant regard to the limited means, vocal and instrumental, at his disposal; and the wonder is that with them he could do so much. Besides producing a nice little work, quite palatable to the musical sense, and creditable to his productive talent, he seems really to have developed a certain serviceable amount of musical faculty in the Museum company, for which they have not hitherto had credit. It is moderate to be sure, but it suffices to make such light operas enjoyable.

The piece has a short overture, beginning with a march, which is promising enough. The scene throughout is in the house of Dr. Paracelsus, the famous quack, in Alcantara. First we hear a tenor serenade from a boat without, sung by Carlos, the lover (Mr. W. J. HILL), which is pretty enough, after a common type. It is meant for Isabella, the daughter (Miss ORIANA MARSHALL), who prefers the unknown lover to the husband selected by her parents. Three ladies creep out from opposite corners of the stage, to claim the serenade—Isabella, Donna Lucrezia, the vain old mother (Miss MESTAYER), and Inez, the smart maid, contralto, (Miss JOSEPHINE ORTON.) They surprise each other at the window, and the Quartet Trio which ensues, "You saucy jade," is very spirited. Young mistress and maid each have an aria about their unhappy loves, which we have called Balfe ish. The Doctor (MESTAYER) enters, heralding the arrival of a huge basket for Inez, "confections" from the candy-making lover whose neglect she has just complained of. The mysterious duet of the lackeys, who bring it, is highly comical, music and gesture well reflected in each other. The basket contains—Don Carlos, who seizes the first chance, when alone, to step out, meets the old lady and pours out his love to her (which she supposes for her) in an ardent and impatient melody, "I love, I love," which is quite effective. But perhaps the happiest solo in the piece is the romanza, which has just before been sung by Donna Lucrezia, "The Knight of Alcantara;" it is charmingly Spanish and characteristic. The attempt of Inez and the Doctor to remove the basket to the balcony, that they may examine the present, and their terror at having dropped it over into the river, when they learn that there was a man in it, makes a comical crescendo of the interest, which reaches its climax in the entrance of the Alguazil (Mr. H. PEAKES), and posse, who delivers a telling pompous bass solo, and the act ends with a grand finale by the whole, which is worked up with no mean effect.

Comical complications increase in the second act, when to the terror of one involuntary murder on the part of Inez and the Doctor is added another; the offering by mistake, for wine, one of the Doctor's poisoned draughts to Carlos, who is still about the house, and whom they fear to be a spy of the police, and would conciliate. They hide the body in a sofa,

and then, to make bad worse, in comes Senor Balthazar (KETCHUM), the father of the youth, whom Isabella supposes she is to be forced to marry, but who turns out to be no other than her own Carlos. Papa will pass the night here; but in the confusion they can offer no hospitalities; scarcely a bed; he must sleep there on the sofa—over the corpse of his own son! The Quartet: "Good night, Senor Balthazar" is the most capital piece of music in the whole—a strange grotesque mixture of broad daylight humor with mysterious ghostlike terrors. It puts the poor man into a fearfully nervous state on going to bed, the scene of which is indescribably comic, the orchestra contributing as much as the admirable acting. The happy denouement follows rather abruptly, and the second finale: "Hope ever smiling," though brilliant, is hardly equal to that of the first act.

ITALIAN OPERA.—Auber's *Musciello*—that is, a very unsparring abridgement of it, which is all that is ever vouchsafed to us of it by the Opéra companies that come here—was twice presented at the Academy last week, on Wednesday evening and Saturday afternoon. The latter was considerably the best performance, and had the largest audience of the season. The well-known acts and choruses of the famous opera (itself so little known to us), were as fresh and beautiful as ever. But on the first night much of the chorus-singing was very careless, coarse and out of tune; it was much better done on Saturday. Two parts in it were finely taken; that of Musciello by BRIGNOLI, who was in good voice and exerted himself to sing the music manfully, and that of Pietro, which Susini made decidedly imposing. Miss HINKLEY showed earnestness and good dramatic promise in the part of Elvira. Of the other characters the less said the better, except the silent music of the pretty part of the dumb girl Fenella, which was danced and gesticulated in very graceful and expressive pantomime by the dark-eyed Senorita CUBAS.

On Thursday, and again on Tuesday of this week, the popular "Marta" was very satisfactorily presented, with Miss KELLOGG, Mme. D'ANGRI, BRIGNOLI and SUSINI in the chief parts. It could hardly fail to be well done. On Friday a new tenor, from the Havana troupe, Sig. ERRANT, made a fair impression. On Sunday evening the usual style of Italian Opera Sacred Concert was given in the Music Hall—the *Subat Mater* being the dish which they keep always ready cooked.

Bellini's *Sonnambula* was the first opera we ever heard (in the time of the Woods), and it still does us good to hear it at least once a year. That music is so fresh, spontaneous and full of real melodic thoughts, that pathos so genuine and true, that the charm does not wear out. The performance as a whole was good. Miss KELLOGG was very winning as Amina; in action natural and simple, while her fresh, penetrating and expressive voice, though limited in volume, rendered the music very sympathetically and with a high degree of execution. BRIGNOLI is always admirable in the *Sonnambula* music, and gave us his best voice and style. But the part of the Count (baritone) lacked all weight and dignity in Sig. MANCINI's rendering.

The *Favorita* and *Figlia del Reggimento* were announced for Thursday and Friday evenings, and this afternoon the season will close with a "Grand Combination Matinée," consisting of an entire opera and an act of *La Trovata*, in which Mrs. VARIAN will sing.

We regret to learn that Mr. JANSEN, one of the most valuable members of the Orpheus Glee Club, is about to remove to California. The loss of his rich basso will be deeply felt. A Complimentary Concert will be given to him by the "Orpheus," next Saturday evening, in the Melodeon, when Schubert's "Song of Spirits over the Waters" will probably be sung once more.

Foreign papers announce the death of HALEVY, the eminent composer of "*Le Juive*" and other operas.

Musical Correspondence.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

MR. EDITOR.—Will not Mr. ZERRAHN of our Quintett Club, provide us with one or all of the following delightful works, never yet heard here, as I believe. They were admirably performed by the "Tonkünstler Verein" of Dresden in the winter of 1856-7, where I heard them and where they created a "furore" of enthusiasm.

1. *Septett militaire*—(C. dur, Op. 114) for Piano-forte, Flute, Violin, Clarinette, V'cello, Trumpet and Contrabass. By Hummel.

2. *Octett*—C. moll, for 2 Oboes, 2 Clarinets, 2 Bassoons and 2 Horns. By Mozart.

3. *Octett*—(Es. dur, op. 103,) for 2 Clarinets, 2 Oboes, 2 Horns and 2 Bassoons. By Beethoven.

Yours ever.—A.

PITTSFIELD, MASS., APRIL 10.—I send you with this the programme of a Chamber Concert given by the pupils of the Mendelssohn Musical Institute, in this place last evening.

1. Rondo Brilliant.....Kublan
2. Song—"Now the dancing sunbeams play,".....Haydn
3. Prelude and Fugue in E major,.....Bach
4. Vocal Trio—"La Serenade des Anges,".....Concone
5. Lied ohne Worte, Lev. 3, No. 3,.....Mendelssohn
6. Song—"Ave Maria,".....Schubert
7. Sonata in D major, Op. 28,.....Beethoven
8. Grand Duo Concertante.....C. M. von Weber
Morenents—Allegro—Adagio—Minuetto—
Trio and Presto Legiero.

The selection of pieces was not made "for popular effect," but is "a specimen of their usual studies." Being given entirely by the pupils, also it was a display of their proficiency rather than an exhibition of skill in the mechanical performance of the teachers; which I think, by the way, is no evidence of ability to impart skill to others.

In the vocal performances last evening the most noticeable features were accuracy of intonation, purity and sweetness of *portamento*, and a strict rendering of the author's musical idea.

The vocal trio by Concone, in the style of Cathedral music, requiring firmness of voice and exactness of tone, was well sustained, the voices well balanced and harmonious. Schubert's unsurpassed song *Ave Maria* was rendered by a remarkably sweet and rich voice, which promises much from farther cultivation, and from which we may expect future pleasure. The *Lied ohne Worte* by Mendelssohn, though one of the most difficult of execution, was so well rendered as to be creditable to both teacher and pupil; as the melody was made predominant, yet smooth and flowing; while the accompaniment was really such, subdued and gracefully swelling and yielding to the expression of the song. Beethoven's (Op. 28) *Sonata Pastorale* is one of his best and a favorite Sonata. It was given with skill and expression by the performer, and listened to with the interest which it always inspires. The grand piece of the whole however was the Duo by Weber, which may well take its place by the side of Beethoven's creations. The Adagio, so grand and solemn, breathing over the spirit a holy calmness—the Allegro, hopeful and invigorating, inspiring to energetic action, and the Presto, full of animation, sparkling and brilliant, making the heart and pulses leap with gladness. The influence of such music cannot be otherwise than elevating; and cultivation of a love for it a worthy object for such an Institution as the Mendelssohn. It labors perseveringly in this cause, avoiding any style of music, either for study or pleasure, that is trifling or unworthy, and endeavors to create in its pupils an ambition for that only which is pure and elevated.

ACANTHUS.

Musical Intelligence.

St. Louis, Mo.—A gentleman named "Lento," sends us "the first Correspondence I ever wrote," complaining of another gentleman named "Presto," for not writing to this Journal an account of a Complimentary Concert given on the 6th ult. to EDWARD SOBOLEWSKY, Director of the St. Louis Philharmonic Society, a gentleman, who has done much, it seems, "to elevate the taste and ton" of that musical community. "Lento" is not slow in "passing quickly over" the first three numbers of the concert ("Midsummer Night's Dream" overture, a Baritone Song by "Verdy," and a Flute Solo) and coming at once and enthusiastically to "the event of the evening," the debut of Miss Malvine Sobolewsky—a young lady "gifted with every attribute which St. Cecilia bestows on her favorites." Having "mastered" the art by "solid study," it is no wonder that the "perfection" and "the graceful style," with which she sang Handel's: "Hark, 'tis the Linnet," won the enthusiasm of every connoisseur. She also sang the "Venzano Waltz," and for an encore, "Home, sweet home," and "Lento" never can forget "the noble simplicity, the soul-comforting holiness, with which this adorable young lady sung this American popular song; many were touched to tears; truly it was like an act of devotion." "Lento" wishes he could stop here, but is forced to add how well a Quartet for male voices, Krentzer's "Chapel," was sung; after which brief modulation he must of course return once more to his key-note and inform us that "to hear Miss Sobolewsky was happiness and a foretaste of the coming Spring."—Other pieces given in the concert were: a Fantasia and variations, for piano, by Döhler, played by Professor Bode, who (according to "Lento") is a better interpreter of Beethoven and the classics, and played the Concerto in C major with great effect on a former occasion;—a Duet from *Il Barbiere*;—the Andante from Beethoven's 2nd Symphony,—enjoyed very much (which we are glad to hear "is a matter of course with a St. Louis audience"); a chorus: "Who does awake you, ye flowers," composed by the Director; a Violin Solo, by De Berciot, played "in most artist-like manner," by Dr. Fellerer. But Miss Sobolewsky! "Presto" has certainly been napping (like the hare that raced with the turtle), to let "Lento" bring us this first "foretaste of the coming Spring"!

MILWAUKEE, Wis.—A correspondent informs us that the Musical Society gave their first concert for members on Friday evening, March 28.

"Unfortunately, owing to the burning of Albany Hall, this concert had to be performed at the (so called) Academy of Music, a large and convenient hall, but built without reference to the principles of acoustics. W. V. Wallace's overture to 'Lorely,' was performed for the first time in this city. It pleased very much. No. 2, the duet from 'Belisario,' was sung by Messrs. Jacobs (tenor), and Rosenthal (baritone). They deserved an *encore*, which was not demanded by the audience, owing undoubtedly to the above-mentioned defect of the hall. The "Dedication" Song by Schumann, was sung by Mrs. Geisberg, a favorite here, but who has been silent for some time. She was called out, and favored the audience with a light song. "The Ocean at Rest and Happy Voyage," by Beethoven, was given by the full force of the Society Mendelssohn's overture, "Fingal's Cave," was received quietly by the audience, as are nearly all pieces by the orchestra. Abt's male chorus, "Farewell to the Fatherland," was enthusiastically received, and had to be repeated. The best piece of the evening, however "[what better than "Fingal's Cave," or the piece by Beethoven?]" was the Grand Duo for two violins, by Kalliwoda, per-

formed by Mr. WEINBERG, and a pupil. They were interrupted by frequent bursts of applause; and at the close, received an *encore*. The young man who made his first appearance on this occasion, is a diligent member of the orchestra, and bids fair to become a credit to his teacher. The spirited finale from Weber's "Freischütz" closed the evening's entertainment. Mr. JACOBS as *Max*, and Mrs. Geisberg as *Agathe*, added fresh laurels to their fame."

TAUNTON, MASS.—The Bristol Co. Republican says:—

"The exhibition of Mr. South's Singing School on Tuesday evening, was a very pleasant and successful entertainment. So large a chorus is seldom heard in Taunton, and one so well trained and so finely balanced is rarely heard anywhere. There is a strength and sublimity in a multitude of voices which cannot be approached by a small number, be they ever so powerful and cultivated. A great chorus can be soft without becoming weak,—it can be loud without degenerating into mere noise and screaming. We were particularly impressed with this on Tuesday evening. The effects of light and shade, of piano, *crescendo* and *forte* were produced with great beauty. There was a precision of movement, a toning down of individual voices so that none were over-prominent, and a spirit and enthusiasm pervading the whole body of performers, which showed that their leader had a 'gift' for his work. Our only regret was, that there was not more chorus singing. It was the feature of the entertainment. And in so saying we would by no means underrate the miscellaneous performances. They did much credit to the performers. Mr. Dunbar and Miss Dean received an *encore* which was well deserved."

WORCESTER, MASS.—"Stella" (*Palladium*) tells of a Charity Concert, given at Rev. Dr. Hill's church, on the 1st inst.

Mr. Thayer, organist of the church, played an overture on themes from *Roberto*; also Bach's *Fugue* No. 7, G minor, to which he gave admirable rendering. In devoting himself to the study of Bach, Mr. Thayer is placing himself in a high rank in his profession; for the organist who neglects the works of this great tone-poet must remain unacquainted with the highest capacities of the organ. Mr. Lawrence sang the air from the *Messiah*, "Thus saith the Lord;" Mr. Stocking, with good expression, the *Creation* air, "In Native Worth;" Miss Lizzie Eaton a beautiful air from Mozart's *Idomeneo*, which suited well her girlish, flute-like voice. Miss Whiting sang a recitative and air from *Engeli*, a difficult task for a singer of more experience; but she gave it, for the most part, very well. Miss Whiting's example commends itself to a large class of public singers, who, content with the easily-won praises of an audience, limit their selections to a few hackneyed, popular airs, never rising higher in their art than these first steps, never knowing what wealth of song lies above them, out of their reach because they will not take the trouble to attain it.

The leading feature of the evening was De Monti's Mass in B flat, sung by the choir with excellent effect. It had evidently received diligent rehearsal, and we are glad to learn that it will soon be repeated. It was heard in appreciative silence, receiving finally a burst of applause that told of the interest excited. It is Italian throughout; its melodies pleasing, many of them beautiful; its harmonies simple, fresh, and not intricate. Compared with such a work as Mozart's Twelfth Mass, it lacks depth. Judged by itself alone, it is beautiful, varied with artistic gradation of light and shade. Portions of it are familiar through the service of the Episcopal church. The day is certainly drawing near when the best church music will be sung in our Protestant as well as Catholic churches.

PHILADELPHIA.—The programme of the Saturday afternoon Rehearsal of the Germania Orchestra, March 29, was as follows:

1. March—Homage.....Lumbye
2. Overture—Pretendent (1st time).....Kuecken
3. Air—Don Giovanni.....Mozart
4. Waltz—Tallman.....Lanner
5. Andantino Grazioso of Symphony Op. 5.....Gade
6. Overture—Midsummer Night's Dream.....Mendelssohn
7. Duet—Tannhäuser.....Wagner
8. Carnival of Venice—burlesque.....Gungl

Special Notices.

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Instrumental Music.

The Battle of Winchester. Chas. Grobe. 25

A musical memorial of this brilliant victory of the Union arms. The main incidents of the fight are related in connection with the music.

Dreams of Childhood. Waltzes.

W. H. Montgomery. 30

These Waltzes are much played in England, both by bands and amateur Pianists. They are fluently written, have good melodies and an excellent service in the ball-room.

Pleyel's German Hymn. Transcription.

A. Baumbach. 35

An arrangement for somewhat advanced players. The treatment of the theme is modern and brilliant, and the piece interesting from beginning to end.

Whirligig Galop.

J. Tenzler. 25

A good Galop, written by a band-leader who shows himself perfectly at home in this kind of dance.

Books.

THALBERG'S L'ART DU CHANT. (The Art of Singing applied to the piano.) Handsomely bound in cloth. 3.00

The piano cannot render that which is most perfect in the beautiful art of singing, namely, the faculty of prolonging sounds, but the player may overcome this imperfection with address and skill. Now this may be done, the great Player has shown in twelve Transcriptions of melodies from the masterworks of great composers. The melody is engraved in large notes, so as to stand out and be recognized easily. They are all figured, and are as invaluable to the accomplished pianist as to the student, who would get at the root of the marvellous effects which Thalberg produces in his playing.

MUSIC BY MAIL.—Music is sent by mail, the expense being about one cent on each piece. Persons at a distance will find the conveyance a saving of time and expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that it is double.

